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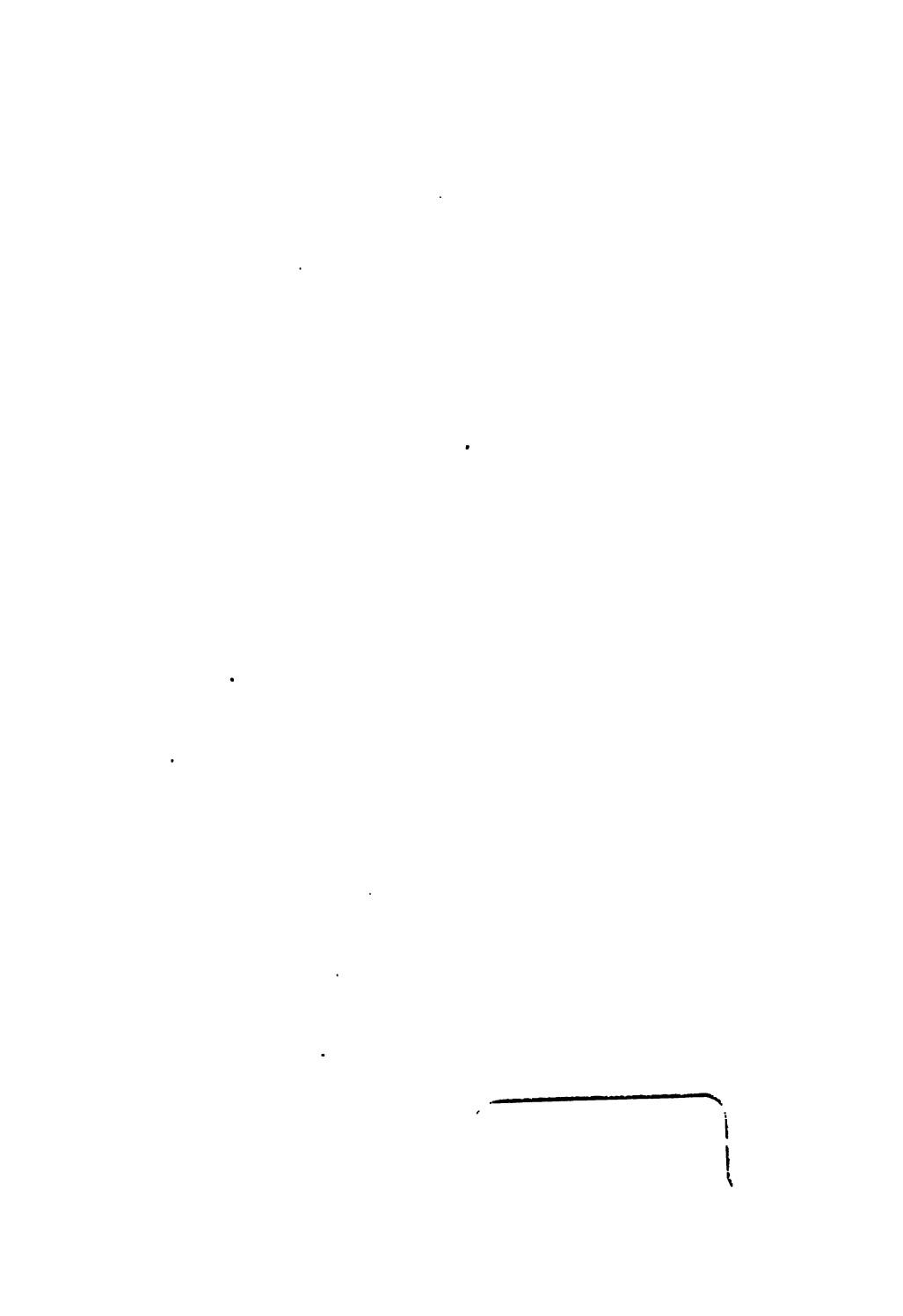
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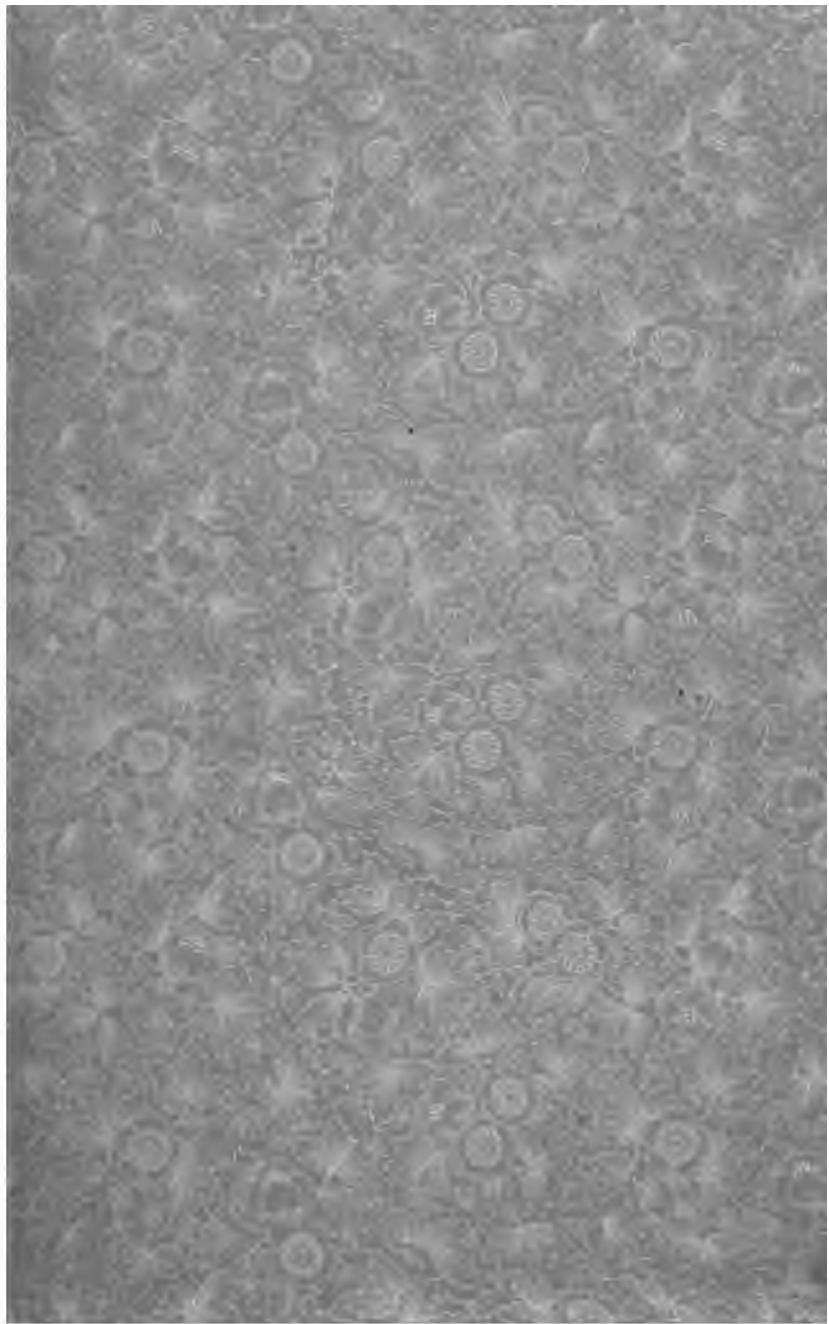
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REST AND HOPE.

By M. M.

"This is not your rest."—MICAH ii. 10.

"Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

"God, even our Father, hath given us good hope, through grace."—2 THESS. ii. 16.



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OUR SISTER'S REST.

SWEET Sister, gone to be with God !
Our aching hearts cry out for thee,
Yet are we glad thou art at rest
In the haven calm where thou would'st be.

Thy feet were ever swift to go,
Thy spirit brave to toil and bear,
But swiftest, bravest near the goal!
And oh ! the victory is there

Where thy sweet spirit tastes at length
A measureless and perfect rest,
Drinks of God's river as it flows,
And leans upon the Saviour's breast.

"Some real rest," she used to sigh,
Then brightly turn to work, and smile
A brave, sweet smile, that hid too well
The tired heart's yearning all the while.

Yes ! hid it from our loving eyes,
But not from Him who loved her best,—
For swift the answer came from Him:
He took her to His perfect rest.

Ah, sweet surprise for those tired eyes
To waken in the heavenly place,
And gaze, their tears all wiped away,
On the beauty of the Master's face !

Lord, think of us ! For our poor eyes
Are blind with weeping, and can see
Nought but the grave and emptiness
Where our sweet loved one used to be.

Sometimes we seem like those who dream
And fear to wake. O do Thou take
Our hand, and put Thy strength in us
To do and bear for Thy dear sake !

So shall we join her where she is,
And see what her dear eyes have seen,
And know what only those can know
Who thro' the gates of death have been.

Dear Lord, abundantly, above
Her utmost thought, Thou hast fulfilled
Her cry for rest ! Her doubts and fears,
Her weary tossings, all are stilled.

Remember too her ceaseless prayer
That all her loved ones might be Thine ;
O speak to her so near Thee now,
And softly say, "They shall be Mine."

Perhaps her first great joy in heaven—
After the bliss of seeing Thee—
Was hearing this from Thine own lips,
And then she felt her spirit free

To drink in all the peace of heaven,
To seek each loved and long-lost friend,
To taste the leisure of the years
That need no haste and fear no end.

We know but little of the life
Our loved one lives, O God, with Thee ;
And we leave it all, content to pray
That where Thou art we all may be !



"I AM FOUND OF THEM THAT SOUGHT
ME NOT."

LONG years the Master waited
One human heart to win—
The Almighty stood repeating
His prayer, " O let me in ! "

He stood beside the doorway,
With patient, pleading voice,
But that home was overflowing
With its own sweet earthly joys.
Home voices made sweet music,
So sweet, he scarcely heard
The voice like many waters
Of Christ, the Incarnate Lord.
And though other guests might enter,
This One stood evermore
Unheeded, yet unwearied,
Waiting beside the door.
The angels paused to ponder
This mystery of love ;
For they knew His faintest whisper
All heaven and hell could move.
Will He turn away heart-wounded ?
The garden gate stands wide ;
There are homes where He is welcome,
Where grief and pain abide.
One heart is interceding—
“ Hast thou no other way
To overcome the hardness
Of the heart that says Thee nay ? ”
The Lord puts forth His power,
Till now in pity hid,
And enters by the doorway,
Not waiting to be bid ;

He lays His hand upon him ;
The pulse of life beats low ;
And silent in the chamber
The watchers come and go.
One name alone he nameth
In uttermost distress ;
The saving One he calleth
In death's lone helplessness.
The faint voice whispers, " Jesus ! "
He comes in wondrous grace,
And the shadow of His beauty
Falls on the dying face.
The earth sounds hushed and silent
The Lord Himself draws near
And speaks of peace and pardon,—
Now the wakened ear can hear.
He lights the dreary valley
With hopes unknown before,
Then lays him in His bosom,
And pain and death are o'er.
She who had pleaded for him,
Though she never thought of this,
Said, " The Lord hath heard my weeping,
And the hand that smote is His."
She kissed the pallid beauty
Of her belovèd's face,
And thought, " So look the angels
If they sleep in the heavenly place.

GOING HOME.

He has won to his rest for ever,
 And left me mourning here ;
 But my Maker is my Husband,
 My lone heart may not fear.
 'Tis Himself, Himself hath done it,
 And my lips shall not complain ;
 Though some music may be silenced,
 I have caught a thrilling strain,
 'Tis the voice of the Saviour singing
 Over the woo'd and won,
 As He rests in His love and triumphs
 In the midst of the heavenly throne.
 Though all things on earth are shadowed,
 And the very sun shines dim ;
 My Lord is the light of heaven,
 And my loved one lives with Him."

GOING HOME.

[An aged saint who had served the Lord from his youth was troubled, in the weakness of death, with the thought that, the night being dark, he might lose his way ; but when led to name the Saviour, light came to him immediately, and by that Light he walked through darkness to the " City of light and song."]

"I MUST go to my home," he murmured,
 "I have tarried many a day,
 But the night is dark and lonesome,
 Do you think I shall miss the way ?"

Then I asked him, softly whispering,
“Who, beloved, is this world’s light ? ”
Clear he answered, “ ‘Tis my Saviour,”
And then straightway fled the night ;

And his eyes reflected the glory
Of the Face I could not see,
And I felt I was in Christ’s presence,
Yea, I knew it was none but He !

Then as one whom his mother comforts,
As none else but a mother can,
He lay safe in the arms of Jesus,
And on earth his heaven began !

On the raging floods Christ sitteth,
And He crowns His people with peace,
Though it be at the harvest-swelling
That their wilderness journeys cease.

So the waves of the river rocked him
Like a weary infant to sleep,
To the sleep of God’s own beloved—
Safely sheltered, calm and deep.

And I heard, like a far-off whisper,
His triumphant song begin,
For I caught one clear Hallelujah
Ere he quite had entered in.

LOOKING FOR THE

Now He rests at the feet of Jesus,
Looking up to his King of Grace,
In the Father's house for ever,
In full sight of the Blessed face !

*LOOKING FOR THE RESURRECTION OF
THE DEAD.*

My earthly days move on with sorrow crowned,
With steady pace they come and go,
And saddest memories cluster thickly round
Their brows, beneath their crown of woe.
I could not rise to meet them one by one,
And greet them with a patient grace
Save that, with every rising of the sun,
There comes to meet me in my place
A noble Presence, walking close by me,
Upholding me with gentle power,
Filling the air with His sweet company
Thro' each slow-footed, heavy hour.
His eyes do look as if they knew all grief
That ever on this earth hath been,
And yet as if He saw some sure relief
On which, content, His hope might lean !
And yet, tho' thus I daily see Him now
And find Him ever at my side,
I know the crown of glory decks His brow,
And in the heavens high He doth abide !

Sweet mystery ! I marvel oft that He
With such an one as I should stay,
And yet far deeper would the mystery be
If He could change and go away !
He leadeth onward all my sorrowing days !
Above their sorrow-crowns, above
Their darkening memories, always
Shines full of hope His smile of love.
His faithfulness upholds my spirit still,—
I look to Him and journey on ;
The sweet light from His Face doth fill
The places whence my loved are gone !
And oft it seems as if the dark forsook
My life, the shadows all are fled,
Bright beams the hope for which I look,—
The resurrection of the dead !
For lo ! the One who walks with me was dead
And is alive for evermore !
I know it, and am straightway comforted,
My lost are garnered in His store !
Lo ! o'er my darkened days, so sadly crowned
With memories that make me dread
Their coming, Hope these words hath bound,—
The Resurrection of the Dead !
And then, the life of the world to come !
The days that know no sorrow, crowned
With all the sweet delights of Christ's own home,
Where loved and lost at last are found !

MALACHI III. 16.

"Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another : and the Lord hearkened, and heard it ; and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name."

As strangers in this dreary foreign land
 We watch to see the glory and the King ;
 We tell each other, clasping hand in hand,
 The visions of our faith's far wandering :
 And lo ! while we are musing thus aloud
 Of that bright dwelling-place of all our joys,
 We are aware that God His ear hath bowed
 To hear the lisping of His children's voice !
 Afar His presence dwelleth high in heaven,
 And we are journeying to His blest abode,
 But sometimes 'mid our darkness it is given
 That we should feel the nearness of our God ;
 What time we try to speak of holy things,
 Of deep distrust of self, and hope in Thee,
 Thou drawest near, the shadow of Thy wings
 Makes calm, like that upon Thy crystal sea ;
 Thou bendest low to light us with Thy smile,
 Thine hand is laid in blessing on our head,
 All doubts and woe are banished for a while—
 Our souls are hushed, and soothed, and comforted ;
 Thy thoughts of us in Christ are sweetly shown,
 Our thoughts are groping after Thee in Him ;

We take the Word whereby He makes Thee known,
And weep because our eyesight is so dim.
Poor stammering words are ours, Lord, oftentimes
Our faltering lips do strangely wrong Thy love,
We feebly lisp the language of those higher climes,
Where thoughts in music all unfettered move :
And yet we cannot choose but speak of Thee
While journeying to our quiet, promised rest,
Where Thou exchangest thought familiarly
With each enraptured, wondering guest.
Oh ! then the seal of silence shall not be,
No dumbness, half of awe, and half of fear,
Our lips shall tell in songs of melody
The glorious things we faintly murmured here.
Forgive our faithless thoughts and feeble speech,
And give us power to realise Thy face
That bendeth o'er us, and we pray Thee teach
Our lips to speak Thy praise and tell Thy grace.
We know that Thou art nearer than we deem ;
Immanuel joins us oftentimes by the way :
How sweet for ever to abide with Him
After the heat and burden of the day !



THE SHEPHERD'S JOY.

THE Shepherd came to seek His sheep
Through deserts dreary,
He never paused nor thought of rest,
Though worn and weary ;

He passed along the dusty road
Alone and cheerless,
He battled thro' the mighty floods
In love's strength, fearless ;

He, patient, traced the river's course,
Its every winding,
But found no pleasure in the scene,
His sheep not finding ;

He toiled, and climbed the mountain's brow,
Its torrents breasted,
He scaled the naked, frowning heights,
But never rested.

At length, as night came on apace,
He heard a bleating,
A calm joy lit His eye, He knew
How near the meeting !

He called His sheep by name, but shame
Forbade replying,
Save in faint, feeble cries, each time
More dim and dying.

He hastened on, He found His sheep
Where Death had brought her,
And told in thrilling tones of love
How He had sought her !

And then He took her tenderly
Upon His shoulder,
And laid her gently, softly, where
His hands could hold her.

Yea, hold her where the joy-lit face
Of her Defender
Could shine on hers in joy Divine,
All glad and tender !

The night was brighter than the day,
His smile its glory,
While He was telling out with joy
His strange, sweet story.

The stars sang loud for joy, their hosts
Were angel-driven,
The skies bent low beneath their feet,
Joy was in heaven !

THE SHEPHERD'S JOY.

But oh ! the Shepherd's joy was still
Beyond comparing !
His was the fountain, all the rest
The streams were sharing ;

His was the shining after clouds,
Songs after sighing,
Sweet morning after dreary night,
Life after dying.

My Shepherd ! Jesus, true and kind,
To Thee while clinging,
I pause amid my own poor song,
To hear Thee singing !

" I've found my sheep ! I'll bear it home ! "
Thou singest sweetly,
And singing thus, Thy weariness
Seems gone completely !

Dear Lord ! one day I shall be where
Thy flock Thou feedest,
In joy's own home, where evermore
Thy sheep Thou leadest !

No waywardness of mine will there
Bring nights of weeping,
For this, O Christ, Hope in my heart
Glad watch is keeping.

I long to reach Thy heavenly fold,
And there to know Thee,
And there to tell Thee face to face
How much I owe Thee ! .

UNDER HIS WINGS.

“He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings
shalt thou trust.”

SWEETEST trust, my God and King,
Holds me 'neath Thy sheltering wing ;
Art not Thou, Almighty God,
Able to sustain my load ?

Long ago my sins were laid
On Thy thorn-crowned, bleeding head ;
Now my daily griefs I bring,
O my changeless God and King,

To Thy matchless tender love,
To Thy heart that beats above
With the very sympathy
Which first drew my heart to Thee !

Myriad worlds throughout all space
Circle round Thy heavenly place ;
Comets rush at Thy command,
Systems own Thy guiding hand !

And my life, my little life,
With its daily calm and strife,
Finds in Thee a loving Friend,
Loving steadfast to the end !

O the end ! when will it be ?
When, Lord Jesus, shall I see
Thine own face unveiled and near ?
Is it long till Thou appear ?

Thus Love questions, and all day
Keeps her watch along the way,
For she knows her faithful King
Makes no needless tarrying.

Hark ! above each saddening sound,
Which she daily hears around,
Oft she seems to hear His feet
Moving down the golden street.

Open wide the pearly gates !
All creation groaning waits,
And some minor notes belong
Even to Love's waiting song ;

Yet she cannot choose but sing
Underneath the outspread wing ;
Crowned with hope, upheld by faith,
Hearken what her singing saith—

“ He is coming, and meanwhile
Through the dark I catch His smile,
Lighting all my earthly gloom
With its love-light ‘ till He come.’ ”

Haste Thee, Lord, Love’s hope fulfil !
Glad of heart, yet eager still—
Love and I can never be
Satisfied with less than Thee !

THE BLESSED HOPE.

THOU shalt call and I will answer,
 Gladly rising from the sod,
In the radiant light of morning,
 When I hear the trump of God !

Restless, storm-tost, heaving billows
 May have hid my weary face,
Or the waste and howling desert
 May have been my resting-place ;

Or the quiet, sacred graveyard,
 Where the weeping mourners go,
While the words of life and blessing
 Hush and soothe their keenest woe.

THE BLESSED HOPE.

East or west, it scarce concerns me
Where I rest, "the little while,"
I shall hear the voice of Jesus,
I shall catch His loving smile !

I shall sleep, my heart still waking,
In the coldest, darkest place,
Then awake to catch the footfall
Of my coming King of Grace !

Mid the myriads upward flocking
To the meeting in the air,
I shall look for none save Jesus,
Tho' His saints are with Him there !

Thus I think when death seems near me ;
But a brighter hope than this
Fills my heart with deep sweet gladness,
Crowns my life with joy and bliss :—

Death may never wing an arrow
Causing heart and flesh to fear,
Ere the Lord descends in glory,
For His coming draweth near !

Who can tell ? These eyes may see Him
Ere death's hand can close their lids,—
They are watching night and morning
As the faithful Master bids !

Who can tell? These hands may never
Folded lie in death's cold grasp.
No! the life-blood may not leave them
Till the Master's hand they clasp!

Who can tell? These ears so weary
Of the earth-sounds sad and drear,
May not rest in death's dim silence
Ere the Saviour's voice they hear!

Who can tell? These feet so way-worn
Soon may spurn earth's thorny ways,
Upward mount to Christ and glory
After all their travelling days!

Then these lips that long to praise Him
Shall be filled with music sweet,
But, or e'er one note they utter,
They will kiss His wounded feet!

Blessèd Hope! Like rainbow wreathing
Heaven and earth in radiant light,
Nerve me for my daily conflict,
Be my helmet in the fight!

Shine within me, beckoning others
To my happy waiting-place,
That they too may hear Christ calling,
That they too may see His face!

“COME DOWN ERE MY CHILD DIE.”

My heart yearns hourly o'er my son—
 Come down, Lord, lest he die ;
For death is death indeed to him,
 Not life with Thee on high.
One after one, Thou knowest, Lord,
 The lent to me I've given,
And almost all I've loved on earth
 Are now with Thee in heaven.

For their sakes I was glad each time,—
 For them I could not weep ;
And the love between their hearts and mine
 Thy loving hand doth keep.
But *this* one, Lord, what shall I say ?
 Come down before he dies ;
I cannot see my first-born boy
 Perish before mine eyes.

Come down, or e'er my child can die ;
 His pale cheek gathers bloom,
But the hectic flush is but a light
 That shines beside the tomb.
I thought I might have kept him here
 Till spring time came again,
But the wasting of his manly form
 Tells a story all too plain.

I do not ask an earthly life,
 But life in heaven with Thee,
After a wasted, blighted life,
 A bright eternity !
Save, Lord ! let earth's poor ties be loosed,
 Let Thy love enter in,
Make him the captive of Thy grace—
 Victor o'er death and sin.

Shall I have power to say to Thee,
 On the awful judgment-day,
“There on Thy left is my son, O God,
 For whom I used to pray” ?
Nay, nay, it cannot be, my Lord ;
 Sustain the faith in me ;
’Tis the anguish of a mother’s heart
 O’erwhelms me utterly.

“Would God that I could die for him ! ”
 Full many a night I’ve said,
As keeping sleepless watch I prayed
 Beside my unpressed bed.
Yet, Lord, if *Thou* hast died for him,
 Together we shall live ;
And through eternity to Thee
 Our thanks we both shall give.

A DREAM.

Amen ! So let it be, O Christ ;
 I watch each hour to see
 How Thou wilt work the mighty work
 My faith thus lays on Thee.
 I clasp Thy piercèd feet, O Lord,
 I will not let Thee go,
 For the promise of Thy Word is sure,
 And Thy faithfulness I know.

A DREAM.

THEY came to me with heavenly light
 Upon each radiant face,
 A vivid vision of the night
 Sent by the Master's grace.

How manifold the grace has been
 Of my long-suffering Lord !
 He strove to win me by His love,
 Then pierced me with His sword.

And now He gives such mother's love
 As few have ever known—
 The strongest, sweetest love on earth,
 To shadow forth His own.

And by His Word, and by her love,
He woos me every day,
Yea, compasses my soul by night
Lest I should turn away.

A band of men, with peace and rest
On all their winning faces,
Came, filling my poor empty home,
Straight from the heavenly places ;

They bore the message of His Word,
The oft repeated "Come,"
And said they could not be content
Without me in their home.

Thus even Jesus rested not
In the bosom of His God,
But travelled thro' a night of woe
To win us by His blood.

Shall I refuse such love, such bliss,
The love of Christ and heaven ?
When I have sought the world's poor husks
No man to me hath given.

So, now with anguish but with hope,
I will arise and go—
A loving, much-forgiven child
To Him who loves me so.

INCREASE OUR FAITH.

OUR fainting spirits pant, O Lord,
That glorious morn to see,
When Thy pure light shall clearly burn,
And sin's dark shadows flee.

There are no human words to tell
The agony of fear,
That crushes down the cheerless heart
That cannot feel Thee near.

So constant are our sins of heart,
Our foes are all so strong,
We often fear we ne'er shall sing
The Lamb's triumphant song.

For sin brings clouds of painful doubts
That blind our aching sight,
That hide our sun and veil our skies
In one dark starless night.

Oh ! pierce these clouds, Thou Sun Divine !
Break through the midnight gloom ;
Pour down Thy light upon our path,
And lead us safely home.

We do not ask the sevenfold light
That burneth round the throne ;
But oh ! we plead for light to know
We really are Thine own.

We pray for grace to trust Thy Word,
To grasp Thy promise sure,
To battle on through cloud and mist,
To labour and endure.

We plead for faith, intense and real,
In Thee, our God and guide ;
A life-long grasp of Thy dear hand,
And nearness to Thy side.

We know salvation comes from Thee,
From Thine eternal will ;
We give Thee thanks, and pray for strength
To trust Thee and be still.

Thee will we trust for evermore,
The Almighty Three in One,
Thou wilt complete in Thy good time
The work Thou hast begun.

THE GARDEN.

“ He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord.”—ISA. li. 3.

“ I the Lord do keep it : I will water it every moment : lest any hurt it I will keep it night and day.”—ISA. xxvii. 3.

“ Have I been a wilderness ? ”—JER. ii. 31.

AH no ! It is from Thee, O Lord,
Our fruit alone is found,
While we have ever been to Thee
A dry and desert ground.

When Thou hast come to seek for fruit,
Thy search has been in vain ;
Those holy eyes, once closed in death,
Haye filled with looks of pain.

Ay, even on the bitter cross
Man heard Thine awful cry,
“ I thirst ” ; he saw Thy parchèd lips,
Yet turned and passed Thee by !

Earth would have sent her thousand springs,
In many a rushing rill,
To cool Thy lips, to bathe Thy wounds,
If such had been Thy will ;

But only one thing satisfies
That loving heart of Thine,—
It is the love of sinners saved ;
Oh, Master ! here is mine !

For even on the glory-throne
Thy heart is thirsting still ;
Not all the love and glory there
Thy wondrous heart can fill !

Nought else have I to call my own
But this poor heart of mine ;
And now, with all its fervent love,
Lord Jesus, it is thine !

Make it a garden for Thyself,
Where pleasant fruits abound;
Use any implement Thou wilt
To break the hard, bare ground.

Each moment, keep it, Lord, Thyself,—
From henceforth it is Thine !
Put in it one deep well of love,
Which shall be Thine and mine.

So when Thou com'st to visit me
I may not have to think—
“ I shall have nought to give, if He
Should say, ‘ Give Me to drink’; ”

But gladly to my well I'll go,
And draw, O Christ, for Thee ;
Then, kneeling near Thy feet, I'll watch
My Master draw for me !

My earnest purpose ever is
To let no stranger in,
Nor have one noxious weed to grow
My garden walls within ;

But while I work I often weep
Till I am almost blind,
For daily, hourly, Lord, Thou know'st,
Fresh foes and weeds I find.

But still I give it all to Thee,
No other Lord I know ;
I love Thee with my heart of hearts,
I could not let Thee go !

For only one thing satisfies
This thirsting heart of mine,—
It is the love that loveth me,
It is that love of Thine !

SONG OF THE REGENERATION.

“The regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit on the throne of His glory.”—MATT. xix. 28.

GREAT God, Thou hast given those glories that shine
In our own lower heaven to be emblems of Thine ;
This thought will we hold till we clearly see
The city of gold, where we long to be ;
And the beauties that fall from Thine opened hand,
We will hail them all in our exile land.
In the storm and calm there are prayer and praise,
And a strange sweet Psalm to the Ancient of Days.
It is sung in the East, where His smile is seen
When the night has fled with his starry screen ;
In the unknown height, whence the full-orbed day
From the fount of light sends glittering spray ;

In the golden shower, that at noontide falls
Like a living power from the heavenly halls ;
From the unscaled height where the fountains play,
The cradle of light and the home of day ;
In the glory-streams in the sunbeam's path ;
In the lurid gleams of the lightning's wrath ;
In the light that glows on the storm-tossed cloud,
Like an opening rose on an infant's shroud ;
In the rainbow form, which attracts God's eye
When He stills the storm and arrays the sky
With the tapestry fair which His hand hath made,
Through the weeping air on the cloudy shade ;
In the fading west, where the sunbeams die
On the veiled breast of the evening sky ;
In the moonlight clear, when the earth lies dumb,
And God's song is near and the angels come.
Earth's song shall be heard, with a loud Amen
From the hosts of the Lord when He cometh again !
On a chariot cloud the Renewer shall ride
When the heavens are bowed to reveal His Bride ;
For there cometh a day when these skies shall fear,
And shall haste away when the Lord draws near ;
And His fair new skies shall shadow the place
Where He wipeth the eyes of a tear-stained race ;
And with songs they shall move to His holy place,
Where they see His love, and adore His grace.

SONG OF THE REGENERATION.

Be all grace and a Name,
A name which I know,
I love Thee and thy name of names,
I come now to Thee for

Thy love and thy name
The mystery name of name—
I am the love that loves me,
I am the love of Thine.

SONG OF THE REGENERATION.

The regeneration when the son of man shall sit on the throne
in His glory.—Matt xxv. 31

Great God! Thou hast given those glories that ~~shall~~
In our own lower heaven to be emblems of Thine.
This thought will we hold till we clearly see
The city of gold where we long to be;
And the beauties that fall from Thine opened ~~hand~~
We will hail them all in our exile land.

In the storm and calm there are prayer and ~~prayer~~
And a strange sweet Psalm to the Ancient of ~~days~~
It is sung in the East, where His smile is seen
When the night has fled with his starry screen
In the unknown height, whence the full moon
From the fount of light ~~is~~

*A SUMMER NIGHT.**A SUMMER NIGHT.*

IT is a time for musing,
This silent summer night,
When earth lies dark and shadowy,
And the dome of heaven is bright.
Earth's voices may not call me ;
God only speaketh now ;
With the sweetness of His blessing,
The night-breeze cools my brow.
I almost feel the angels
As they come and compass me,
And the thought of them reminds me
Of dread Gethsemane ;
Then my musing grows more earnest,
With less of self and fear,
For I remember Jesus,
And His lonely watchings here.
He did deserve the shining
Of His Father's loving face ;
Yet for us He chose the darkness,
And our forsaken place.
I do not fear this silence,
For Jesus knew it well ;
And night is safe and holy,
Since His great tear-drops fell.
I welcome calm and quiet,
And listen, all intent,

For the floating, falling echoes
 Of harps and voices blent.
They think God hears them only,
 Nor dream of me at all ;
Yet I catch the hallelujahs
 Of the watchers on the wall.
I see the light that lingers
 All night far up the sky,
And I think it a dim reflection
 Of the light that dwells on high ;
It abides serene and shadeless,
 Like pure, transparent glass,
And the feet of the helpful angels
 But brighten it as they pass.
Afar the eager hill-tops
 Have made their fixed abode,
Like the calm resolve of spirits
 Who have caught a glimpse of God.
The hills grow darker round me,
 But the lake retains the light,
And mirrors all the beauty
 Of the lustrous heavenly height.
The waters hold the radiance,
 And will not let it go,
So I hold revealèd wonders,
 I hope ere long to know.
The shadows of the mountains
 Lie deep within its breast,

With a look of calm reposing
That makes me long for rest.
Lord ! let Thy loving-kindness,
Afar from Zion-hill,
Give light amid my darkness,
And shadows calm and still.
Jesus ! 'mid earth's best musings,
Our hearts with doubting beat ;
Oh for the endless rapture
Of resting near Thy feet !

BLIGHT AND BLESSING.

THERE was not a man to till the ground,
Yet the flowers in beauty grew,
Unfading blossoms at morn and eve
Grew fairer in the dew ;
And softly-flowing waters made
A joyous murmuring,
And quiet winds above them played
With light wings fluttering,
And sweet and glad the chorus-song
Went up from beast and bird,
While clearly through the buoyant air
Creation's psalm was heard.

There was not a man to till the ground,
And the angels never stayed,
And God approved when pleading earth
For a God-like master prayed.
This priest of nature made her hymn
Of worship audible,
And the voice of God at eventide
In blessed answer fell.
The joy of life in full rich streams
In every border flowed ;
Man tilled the ground and ate the fruit
In presence of his God.
But a faithless priest he proved, and bowed
Beneath a foreign power,
And gave eternity's long reign
For the serfdom of an hour !
Then all the lustrous hues of life
Were dimmed, for God was gone ;
And Satan's smile of triumph lowered
Where light Divine had shone.
And woe was in the wild wind's wail
That swept the groaning ground,
And plaintive prayer and penitence
In ocean's sobbing sound.
The deadly nightshade, thorns, and briers,
The poisonous upas tree,
Were tended now with weary toil
By one who had been free.

Earth's joyousness of life was gone,
She sighed, but could not sing ;
The alien's mark was on her brow,
 The tyrant Death her king.
No one among her sons was found
 With heart or hand to dare
To pluck the thorny crown she wore,
 And else must ever wear.
The strong one armed with cruel force,
 Crushed down her gasping life ;
She lay in deadly faint—too weak
 To wage a useless strife
Till God Himself, with pity moved,
 Came robed in mortal form ;
And stronger, fiercer round Him raged
 The hell-brewed battle-storm.
With wondrous, tearful, patience He,
 In consciousness of might,
Undaunted sowed the living seed
 At morning, noon, and night.
Earth felt His tread, and blessed His feet,
 And thrilled with hope and fear ;
Could He endure unto the end ?
 Was her redemption near ?
She saw the battle deadlier grow,
 She felt His blood outpoured,
She heard His lonely cry of pain,
 And loved her second Lord.

She knew the thorns were on His brow,
And were no longer hers ;
With mighty throes her quivering heart
With awed emotion stirs.
In death He brought true life to light,
He lay in earth a while ;
Then rose in might, and she beheld
His resurrection smile.
And ever since, at morning-time,
Her song of hope she sings ;
A waiting song, subdued and low,
Before His throne she brings.
He went forth bearing precious seed,
'Mid tears, and blood, and fire,
But shall return at harvest-time,
And see His soul's desire.
And then her freedom shall be full,
Her beauty His alone,
Who loved her long ere time began,
And chose her for His own.

MY QUIET REST.

THROUGH deserts drear, with faltering feet,
I sought for rest in vain ;
My eager eyes were failing fast
For the rest I could not gain :

I thought not of the Prince of Peace,
But sought the joy of rest ;
And He in wisdom let me stray
In this heart-wearing quest.

I wandered in despair's wild waste,
Till lo ! my Lord drew nigh ;
Then I forgot all else to gaze
On His sufficiency.

He wooed and won my love again,
And drew me to His side,
And in His own majestic way
Forgave His wandering bride.

And then, dear Lord, Thou ledst me here
By love's constraining power ;
And bad'st me eat the pleasant fruit
Of this, Thy secret bower.

Here 'neath the apple-tree I sit,
In calm and quiet shade ;
While in my heart of hearts Thy love
A melody hath made.

Here 'neath Thy trysting-tree I rest,
Refreshed by love Divine ;
Thine hand bestows the precious fruit,
Thy voice proclaims it mine.

Be still, my soul ! with loyal love
Believe thy faithful Lord.
Dear Jesus, let Thy will be done ;
Fulfil Thy gracious word.

Thy gentleness has made me great ;
I came with trembling here ;
But now I sit beside my God
Without a shade of fear.

I see Thy love hath chosen me
In Thine abounding grace ;
Thy past eternity of love
Is my sure dwelling-place.

I would not look again at self ;
My God ! I'll look on Thee ;
To see Thee, even through a veil,
Is rest and strength for me.

In this returning rest has come,
When least for rest I sought ;
So far Thy rich supplies of grace
Exceed our meagre thought.

For, like a royal giver, Thou
Dost give Thyself and rest.
Lord, help me now and evermore
To count the first the best ;

REST FORSAKEN.

And if I wander from this shade—
As, Lord, I fear I may—
Still with a clinging clasp to hold
The memory of this day.

REST FORSAKEN.

A LITTLE while ago I gained
A quiet, calm retreat,
For Christ had drawn me to His breast,
From weeping at His feet.

I said, “I’ll never doubt again;
This joy shall be my strength;
I’ll hold the jewel of Thy love,
And claim the crown at length.”

But anguish now has filled my heart,
And clouds are on my path—
Thick clouds that seem a while to hide
The lurid light of wrath !

Was I an uninvited guest
That took the children’s bread?
Have I, unclothed, gone rashly in
Where robed disciples tread?

I cannot even read the past
Until the end shall be ;
I cannot rend the veil that hides
The present mystery.

I cannot see through earthly mists
The far-off glory land ;
The very things I thought I held
Are falling from my hand.

Oh ! shall I never know the face
I thought I longed to see ?
And shall I never touch the hand
I thought had bled for me ?

Oh say, ye singing saints above,
Where my Belovèd hides ?
Excelling angels, tell me where
The Almighty Christ abides ?

Ah no ! your voices never thrill
Like music I have known ;
Until I hear His voice, all sounds
Make one pathetic moan.

Oh, if He come again, my prayer
For hourly grace shall be,
My wounded thirsty soul shall cry,
“ My springs are all in Thee ! ”

I will not ask for joy again,
Thou knowest what is best ;
And if I am Thy chosen child,
This earth is not my rest.

WHY SITTEST THOU SO SILENT?

"Our God shall come and shall not keep silence. . . . These things hast Thou done, and I kept silence."—Psa. 1.

O CHRIST ! whose heart is pity,
Whose Name of names is Love,
Why sittest Thou so silent
In Thy sweet home above ?

Hear'st Thou the cry and clangour
When hosts meet on the field ?
Mark'st Thou the fierce fell weapon,
The bruised and shattered shield ?

Do not the young souls throng Thee
In the dim border-land—
Victors and vanquished driven
By death's unpitying hand ?

Hear'st Thou the widow moaning,
Her last son lying dead,
And the faint cry of the children
Who ask in vain for bread ?

We pourèd out our treasure,
Counting the loss a gain ;
We watched beside the dying,
We sepulchred the slain.

Why sittest Thou so silent,
True human and Divine ?
Thy people weep while praying,
And yet Thou mak'st no sign.

Thou holdest in derision
The pride of earthly powers,
Thou laughest in Thy heavens
When their great storm-cloud lowers.

But hearts that break in anguish,
And tears that cannot cease,
Cry out to Thee for vengeance,
And plead with Thee for peace.

Thou art the same for ever,
And Thou didst weep on earth ;
Thou turnedst to wine the water
That a village might have mirth.

Why, then, art Thou so silent
When the wine of life is spilt,
And the naked sword is darkened
With blood-marks to the hilt ?

When the village homes lie wasted,
 When the flame's fell work is done,
 And, like a dream of summer,
 Bridegroom and bride are gone ?

Thus did my heart make question,
 My lips to others dumb ;
 Then sudden fell the answer,
 "Mine hour is not yet come."

Swift speed, O Time ! thy chariot,
 And gain the promised hour
 Desired by all creation
 When Christ shall take the power.

Oh ! sweet shall be the singing
 Where sighing was before,
 The Church's psalm triumphant
 After the battle's roar !

A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

"He shall drink of the brook in the way : therefore shall he lift up the head."—Psa. cx. 7.

I LOVE the night when bright flowers folded lie,
 After the set of sun,
 And tired men sleep, God's angels watching nigh,
 When all their work is done.

The night-winds moving o'er the bending flowers
Lull them to slumber deep ;
And angel-wings wave o'er these hearts of ours
And soothe to placid sleep.

And when the angels, in their gentle watch,
Our mortal senses seal,
They wake our spirit-eyes, with spirit touch,
And mighty things reveal.

Deep slumber lay upon my weary eyes
The bygone blessed night ;
And, lo ! my guardian angel bid me rise
To see a wondrous sight.

I stood upon a lonely height, and viewed
Far down a battle-plain
Where warriors fought, their garments rolled in blood,
Their feet upon the slain.

There, in the sultry glare of burning noon,
I saw their banners fly ;
One host shone fair as shines the silver moon
When not a star is nigh ;

Yet clear as sunlight, and, though pure and calm,
Their look was terrible ;
Their measured tread was like an awful psalm
To faith's ear audible.

My wondering heaven-taught eyes perceived at length
The presence of a King,
Who fought as one whom God had robed with strength,
And sent forth conquering.

The opposing host was decked with colours gay,
Yet looked like murky night ;
God's sun was shining on their dense array,
And yet they held no light.

Stern and unyielding were their faces set,
Their purpose knew no change ;
These hosts ten thousand times for fight had met,
Nor field, nor foe was strange.

Their leader was the mighty Prince of Hell,
Who learned the art of war
In a long-gone eternity, and fell,
A wandering, cursèd star :

He hath a fierce and dark revengeful wrath,
And ceaseless war will wage
As long as Time tracks out its bloody path,
From weary age to age.

The army of the saints grows faint and reels,—
Where is their King of might ?
Oh, can it be the dust of Death conceals
His crown of heavenly light ?

The hell-led host moves like a storm at sea,
And grim as Fate's dark frown ;
One charge, and theirs shall be the victory,
And theirs His jewelled crown.

Upon the battle-ground God traceth, near
His feet, an arrowy line,
And instantly the running brook I hear,
I see the waters shine.

No earthly spring might make such waters run,
They were not made for man,
But given by the Father to the Son
Ere time and sin began.

No human hand might reach them to His lips,
Though true men round Him stood,
Who, in this hour of anguish and eclipse,
Would freely give their blood.

God's hand, that made those waters flow,
Gave His Belovèd drink,
With gentler love than even mothers know,
Or human heart can think.

Christ drank, and lifted up His kingly face,
And every foe fled far ;
As swift as from its seeming steadfast place
Shoots down a falling star.

* * * * *



Such was my vision of the night—I woke,
And saw the morning gleam ;
But still the vision to my spirit spoke,
And still I saw my dream.

MY JOURNEY AND MY JOY.

JOYFUL I journey onward
Along life's chequered road,
Through shadow, and through sunshine
I press right on to God !

Before me, close, a curtain
Hides the dim future's face,
Behind me lies a pathway
I never can retrace.

Ofttimes a dreary landscape
Spreads out on either hand,
And clouds of darkness hover
Above a darkened land ;

Yet in my heart there singeth
A fountain of delight,
Upspringing, glad, and heedless
Of changing day and night ;

Save that when night-time cometh,
So high it oft will spring,
I cannot sleep for gladness,
I cannot choose but sing !

It springeth up responsive
To a still small loving voice,
The sweet voice of my Father,
Which tells me to rejoice.

He sees from the beginning
Just what the end will be ;
My wisdom is to trust Him,
I know He loveth me.

In earthly love we value
What most will prove it true,
We ask, what will love suffer ?
What will love dare to do ?

And earthly love has triumphed
And done great deeds, I know ;
But when was it recorded
A man died for his foe ?

Earth's language fails and falters,
And almost fears to tell
How God proved to the sinner
His love unspeakable.

But faith accepts the story,
And takes this Christ for mine,
Love clasps the feet once wounded,
Hope sees the glory shine !

Well may I press right onward
To reach the blest abode,
Where, after toil and weakness,
I shall share the rest of God.

The perils of the journey,
The roughness of the way,
The anguish and the trembling
Lest I should go astray,

The chilling mists, the tempests,
The failures and the fears,
The ling'rings, the repentings,
Shame's burning, blinding tears

All, all, will fade and vanish
At sight of Jesu's face,
And be remembered only,
To magnify His grace !

The rapture of one moment,
Spent leaning on His breast,
Will fill my soul completely
With His own joy and rest !

"OPEN THE GATES."

The following verses were written in remembrance of the happy death of a little girl eleven years old. She was ill but a short time ; she was ready before the call came, and knew the voice that called her home. Just before her death she repeated softly—

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
‘Come unto Me and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast.’"

After a few minutes, she said rapidly and triumphantly—"Open the gates ! Open the gates !" then laid her weary head on her pillow, folded her hands under her cheek, and died.

JESUS calls me, let me go,
To my Lord, who loveth so ;
I am weary, seeking rest,
Let Him fold me on His breast.

Jesus calls me—can I stay ?
Who could ever say Him nay ?
Father, mother, life is sweet,
But I go to clasp those feet

Which were wounded once for me
On the cross of Calvary ;
Death is welcome, death is sweet,
For it leads me to those feet !

Heaven enough it were for me
Those dear wounded feet to see ;
In my arms to clasp them close,
With the love He only knows.

Open wide the pearly gates !
Heaven's King it is who waits,
He has risen to welcome me,
While the angels stand to see !

Open the gates, and let me in,
I am tired of earth and sin ;
Open the gates, and let me come
To my rest and life and home !

Now my spirit spurns her nest,
Sees the gates and cannot rest ;
Like a trembling dove I come
To the threshold of my home !

Yet a victor from the fight
Come I to my throne of light !
Jesus saved me long ago,
All my heaven to Him I owe.

In my Lord I triumph now,
Place the crown upon my brow !
Farewell sorrow, farewell sin !
Open the gates and let me in !

NEW YEAR, 1880.

ETERNAL, immortal, invisible God !
Our longings find rest in Thee only ;
Tho' all else possessing, the heart missing Thee
Is orphaned, and homeless, and lonely.

Then come, Lord, and bless the New Year with Thy
peace,
And light with Thy love all its story,
Pour out on our dear ones the wealth of Thy grace,
And scatter their gloom with Thy glory.

O Hand that was pierced for us, guard us and guide,
Our need from Thy fulness supplying !
Dear Master, we greet the New Year in Thy strength,
And we lean on Thee, living or dying !

NEW YEAR, 1881.

THE New Year comes—an angel
Silent and veiled is he,
And none may dare to question
What in his hand may be.

But hark ! the voice of Jesus,
Divine and loving Friend,
“Lo, I am with you alway,
And will be to the end.”

Dear Lord, we face the future
With smiles instead of fears,
Because Thy voice is sounding
Across the silent years.

And Thy most tender promise
Stills half our questionings ;
For what shall work us evil
If hid beneath Thy wings ?

HIS PRESENCE IN THE HOUSE.

HAIL, Son of Peace ! Abide with us
Within our earthly home ;
And on our threshold and our hearth
Let Thy rich blessing come.
Our going out and coming in,
Our resting in the house,
Our every thought, and speech, and act
Thy vast omniscience knows ;
Yet, Lord, we crave a thing which nought
But heaven can excel—
That Thou wouldest choose our home and say,
“Here I desire to dwell.”
For common things are glorified,
And made exceeding fair,
When we can say with trembling joy,
“Behold, the Lord is there !”
Thy hand supplies our every want,
And lowly bends each head,
To ask the blessing with the gift
Of promised daily bread.

Each one rejoices to believe
Thou art Thyself our guest ;
And oft in thought a moment leans
His head upon Thy breast.
And over us the goings forth
Of morn and eve rejoice,
When, gathered round Thy Holy Word,
We listen to Thy voice.
Thy smile of sweet forgiving love
Shines on us as we meet ;
And some among us have our place,
Like Mary, at Thy feet.
And sometimes—Lord, Thou knowest it—
Unseen by mortal sense,
On those dear feet of Thine there falls
A flood of penitence.
Then, like clear shining after rain,
Beams forth the light of grace,
And joy unspeakable is seen
Upon the cloudless face.
Heaven's sunshine glows within our home,
With power to soothe and heal,
When round the altar of Thy grace
One family we kneel.
Then all our gladness and our grief,
Our daily household care,
The many things that cumber us,
Are laid on Thee in prayer.

From Thine own lips the answer sweet
Doth enter every heart,
And, gently drawn by cords of love,
We choose the better part.
Thou art our portion, Thou alone,
We own no Lord but Thee,
And with one Master to obey
We walk in liberty.
'Tis very sweet to work and wait
With Thee at hand to bless,
But there is ever some new grief,
Some new sin to confess.
Yet still Thou tarriest in our house,
Though daily sin offends,
And Thou art wounded many times,
Even among Thy friends.
Thou knewest from eternity
How wayward we should prove ;
And still, O Jesus, Thou must rest
In Thine own matchless love.
Thy home, not ours, is free from sin ;
Nor mist, nor cloud, nor night,
Is ever known where Thou alone
Art glory's fairest light.
Our hearts are longing, day by day,
To see Thy unveiled face,
To leave our shadowed earthly home
For Thy bright dwelling-place.

A word of Thine, heard long ago,
Still echoes in our breast,
Thine own lips said the word, "Arise,
For this is not your rest."
We here are clad in armour stern,
Or wrapt in weeds of woe ;
In realms of light, all robed in white,
Thy faultless children go.
Abide with us a little while,
Yea, all our little day,
Though even thus we would not choose
To live on earth alway.
This life is but a desert-lodge,
Not an abiding place,
Our home must be where, glad and free,
Thy people see Thy face.

"WE SHALL SEE HIM."

Risen One, in glory shining,
I am looking up to Thee !
I am longing for the moment
Of Thy coming down for me !

All my joys and hopes are circling
Round Thee in the glory-land,
Even now to Thee united
In the heavenly place I stand.

Wonderful Lord God Almighty,
Emmanuel, my Saviour dear,
All my days their brightness borrow
From the hope that Thou art near.

And Thy presence makes the glory
Of the heaven I long to see,
Where Thou art all joy abideth,
Where Thou art, there I shall be !

Thro' the everlasting ages
Where Thou goest, I will go—
This, as my unending future,
Is enough for me to know.

Paradise may first reveal Thee
To my naked spirit-eye,
Or amid the secret rapture
I may meet Thee in the sky !

I shall see Thee in Thy beauty,
O my matchless King of Grace,
With Divine and human glory
Beaming from Thy blessed face !

And what time mine eyes behold Thee,
In an instant I shall be
All transfigured in Thy likeness,
And an image, Lord, of Thee !

Image of the Man Christ Jesus
I shall be, except in this,
That He weareth still the wound-marks
Which, alas ! on earth were His.

He was crowned with thorns and wounded,
His dear form was bruised and scarred—
But a sevensold radiance shineth
Where the nails His body marred.

None but He can wear those trophies
Of His strife and victory,
When for us He won salvation
On the hill of Calvary.

As He is these eyes shall see him,
And that instant I shall be
In the likeness of His body
Glorified eternally !

Saved in hope of this perfection,
All my heart keeps watch for Him ;
In the glory of the noontide,
And when daylight groweth dim,

And when night her dark cloud-curtain
Folds around my waiting-place,
Eagerly I watch these heavens,
Which shall part and show His face.



And when day dispels the darkness,
And the shadows flee away,
Glad I say, perhaps this may be
The long-looked-for, promised day !

"NOT UNTO DEATH."

JOHN xi. 4.

IN the quiet village dwelling
Where the world's life-light had shone,
Deepening shades of death descended
And the common light seemed gone ;

For the angel no man welcomes
Save when Christ is seen with him
Came alone, and from his dark wings
Fell great shadows, dread and dim.

Swift went forth the word to Jesus,
He whom Thou dost love is sick ;
"He will come," they said, "with healing,
Love is mighty, love is quick."

"Not for death shall be this sickness,"
Life's majestic Lord replied ;
"But for great Jehovah's glory,
That His Son be glorified."

Like life itself came now the answer,
 Like a song in the solemn night ;
Like the shout of a king in battle
 When he wins and ends the fight.

Yet in Bethany's low dwelling
 It was Azrael who won ;
For loved Lazarus died slowly
 Though his life-work was not done.

At the hour Christ spake of glory,
 Saying, " It is *not* for death,"
Dark Azrael, wondering, triumphed
 As he caught the last faint breath.

Two days longer still Christ tarried,
 Calm and active, self-possessed,
With the look of One Almighty,
 Compassed round with clouds for rest.

Then He spake—" Our friend is sleeping,
 But I go to wake him now ;"
And a light of tears that gathered
 Shone upon His care-worn brow.

Who shall wake the sleepers covered
 With the folded wings of death ?
Words we fain would whisper to them
 Die upon our mortal breath.

Christ Himself, the One who liveth,
Christ, the Resurrection, cried,
" Lazarus, come forth," and straightway
God and Christ were glorified.

Now the sickness of His people
Never is for death again ;
His belovèd never perish,
Never die like other men.

Close your eyes, and rest, belovèd,
Sweetly sleep, as well ye may ;
Love keeps watch, Divine and human,
We remember you alway.

Heads that drooped, and hearts that sorrowed,
'Neath the folded feathers hide,
Then arise, for lo ! He calleth ;
God and Christ be glorified !



*"I AM GLAD FOR YOUR SAKES THAT I
WAS NOT THERE."*

SWEET, mournful Master, tell us wherefore
Thy grievèd heart is glad to-day,
How canst Thou joy that Thou wert absent
When Thy belovèd passed away ?

Wouldst Thou have failed, O death-destroyer,
When many a woman and child
Have calmly faced the King of terrors,
And still, like angels sweet, have smiled ?

For Thee there never was the anguish
Of frail and faltering human hands,
Whose loving ministry avails not
To hold back life's too eager sands.

Then why not watch Thyself for one hour,
Most gentle, yet most mighty Christ ?
With Thee at hand, death-sickness even
Were welcomed as a boon unpriced !

Would thoughts of death concealed from others,
Fall darkly on Thy human soul,
If Thou wert once to watch the waters
Up-brimming, o'er the life-bank roll ?

And would Thy heart, amazed and shrinking,
Recoil from Thine own chosen doom ;
While sinners, trusting in Thy dying,
Were passing to Thy heavenly home ?

Nay ; when Thou ledst Thy twelve disciples
The last time to Jerusalem,
The cross so drew Thy spirit onward,
Thine eager pace astonished them.

O Christ, Thy deep and mystic gladness
 Has meanings which we cannot find ;—
 If Thou hadst sat beside the dying
 Would death, near Thee, have groped as blind ?

Where'er Thy pure face shone, uplifted,
 Did Death, unnerved, give up his prey,
 As when our great earth-sun arises,
 Alarmed, the night-birds fly away.

Then should not love have borne Thee swiftly,
 Beside Thy friend to baffle death,—
 Thyself, the one great life-controller
 On whom the nations hang for breath ?

How strange Thy gladness, great Lord Jesus,
 With power and pity so allied ;
 And yet within Thy hand Almighty,
 The power by pity made to hide !

Three little words reveal the secret,
 "For *your* sakes, I am glad," He said,
 "For you, O slow of heart and faithless,
 I am content My friend is dead."

"For your sakes"—let the words still echo
 Down all the ages' history,
 They throw a flood of light unfading
 On Calvary's dread mystery.

There was the hiding of Thy glory,
Thou wert content for us to die ;
For our sakes bearing God's forsaking,
And draining God's full wrath-cup dry.

Was this the oil of Heaven's own gladness,
With which Thy God anointed Thee,
Like Hermon's dew, or dew on Zion,
Where God commanded life should be ?

It overflowed Thee, falling downward,
When death at length dared face Thine eyes,
And Thou couldst say to one a-dying,
" To-day, with Me, in Paradise."

We muse and marvel o'er Thy gladness,
We weep and wonder o'er Thy woe ;
Then drink our hearts full at the fountain
Of Thy sweet love, from which they flow.

THE RIVER OF PEACE.

LIKE a river full and flowing
Descends the peace of God,
Through the channel Christ hath opened,
Where His wounded feet have trod.

Wide-spreading o'er the desert,
I see its healing stream,
And I stand amazed, and marvel,
As though I dreamed a dream.
The valleys of my sorrow,
The mountains of my sin,
Are hid beneath its waters,
As if they ne'er had been ;
And my soul is carried onward
With the river's mighty swell
Toward the sunny, sinless haven
Where God's redeemed ones dwell.
Sweet gift of God through Jesus—
This peace is from His hand :
Who knoweth how we need it
In this parched and weary land.
He knows how faint and thirsty
His children pant and pine,
And sends o'erflowing measure
Of peace and joy divine.
O wondrous heart of Jesus !
The fountain-head of peace,
When may I nestle near Thee ?—
When may my journey cease ?
Now from Thy veiled glory,
Oh, send one radiant beam !
Thy smile is all the sunlight
Mirrored upon my stream ;

Yet I love Thee, dearest Jesus,
For the clouds that come between ;
For I need the dreary darkness,
When nor sun nor star is seen ;
And I learn how strong my anchor
That holds within the veil
When I cannot see before me,
And my other moorings fail ;
Thy Word still cheers my spirit,
For there I meet with Thee,
And better far than sunlight
Is Thine own self to me.
Thou art my hope of glory—
Give me Thyself, I pray,
Then will I sing in triumph
Through the dark and cloudy day ;
And the dark, cold Border-river
Shall not appal my heart,
For its billows bear me onward
To be with Thee where Thou art.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

HARK, above the dying earth-sounds,
Shouts of war and songs of peace,
Rising, falling, through the ages,
Three words sound, and never cease.

Strange their tones, unlike all others
Human lips have ever said,
Tender words, yet strong to startle
Both the living and the dead.

"Lovest thou Me?" with power and pathos,
Hark, the searching words inquire ;
Now they sound like whispering waters,
Now they burn and rush like fire !

Say, what answer shall I give them ?
Some one every heart must love ;
Who is this that asks the question,
Has He right my heart to move ?

Is He worthy ? Is He mighty ?
Is He warrior with a fame ?
Has He trodden down His foemen ?
Has He won Himself a name ?

Is He gentle as a woman ?
Is He humble as a child ?
Can His voice, in war like trumpets,
Speak to me like mother mild ?

Is He blameless ? On His scutcheon
Was there never seen a stain ?
Is He purer than the snow-drift
On the lone untrodden plain ?

Is He wonderful in beauty—
Calm, majestic, strong, and fair?
Is He wealthy?—tell the countries
Where He is the only heir.

* * * *

Yea, O sinner, He is worthy,
Let Him have thy heart of hearts;
He has fought and felled thy foemen,
In His blood He quenched their darts.

God's own lips frame nothing sweeter
Than the name of Him who speaks;
He whom all the angels worship—
He it is thy love who seeks.

He is gentler than a woman,
He was once a little child;
When He frowns all nature shudders,
But to thee His face is mild.

He is stainless as the sunlight,
All His garments whiter are
Than the silver of the moonbeams,
Than the pale rays of a star.

Than the fairest He is fairer,
Strength and beauty meet in Him;
When He smileth in the heavens
All their glory waxeth dim.

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

He is wealthy—all the fulness
 Of the Godhead bodily
 Dwelleth in Him as His birthright,
 And He wears it royally.

God was His before creation—
 All the universe is His,
 Earth's minutest trembling atoms,
 All heaven's wide infinities.

Love is His, and strong compassion,
 He has proved His love to thee ;
 Tears and blood their echoes mingle
 In His question, " Lovest Thou me ? "

* * * *

Tell me where my soul may find Him—
 Kingly Christ, may I love Thee ?
 Tho' Thy mercy spare and shield me,
 Can this question be for me ?

* * * *

Wakened, eager sinner, listen
 Gladly to His mighty word ;
 Clasp the piercèd feet, and answer—
 " Look within my heart, O Lord."

Love Thee ? Yea, I love Thee, Saviour,
 Let me work for Thee to-day,
 Till I go to rest for ever
 Where they see Thy face alway.

PERFECT LOVE.

1 JOHN iv. 18.

O SWEET and perfect love of God, wherein
I rest, most like a happy child, content,
Without a single care ;—the Father-hand,
That fed and guided yesterday, will feed
And guide again to-day,—the sweet, sweet grace
That chastened, and yet all the while upheld
When my poor wayward feet would seek to stray,
Will still sustain, and chasten still, as long
As any need-be is.

He loveth me
Beyond my highest thought,—me, worthless me !
I could be thankful with the blush and tear
Of a most utter wonder if He loved
Poor me with half the love wherewith He loves
The latest-made among the angels—yea,
Sometimes I think it were too much for me
To have the love He gives the lonely moss
Mid desert-wastes where no man treads, and where
No human eye can look with mute amaze
And keen delight upon its verdure ! Ah !
My soul, what foolish, needless thoughts are these !
Consider where thou art, how near the Throne,
One with the Son, and loved the same as He !
Christ gave His life for thee—gave it with joy.

And now it is the yearning of His heart
To have thee with Him where He is—no hour
Of night or day but His heart misseth thee !
His patience and His kingdom both are named
In Holy Writ ; *His patience* who could guess,
Were it not told us, that His heart in Heaven
Is exercising patience ? Mighty love
Of Thine, O Jesus, that the Glory even
Can never satisfy Thee till Thy Bride
Be with Thee !

I, as a part of that dear Bride,
I cry "Come Jesus, Royal Bridegroom, come !"
And then I pause, and for a moment see
Myself, and I am lost in wonder. Can
It be that I may speak in words like these
To Heaven's Almighty King, the holy God ?
Then Love comes forth and fills my fainting soul,
And bids me cast away all fear, for He
Is love, and His own perfect love casts out
All fear ; and so, as at the first, again
I rest in God Himself, for God is Love ;
And I have nought to do but to accept
The place He gives—was ever bride so weak
She could not rise to highest height her lord
Could give ? So, knowing Who hath chosen me,
In holy boldness I look up and say,
"Thou art my soul's desire ! Thy love doth meet

My love. I come to Thee and I will sit
Hereafter on Thy throne ; I will rule
The gladdened earth from out the City gates,
Thy bridal City, New Jerusalem !
And where Thou goest I will go, and where
Thou reignest I will reign ! ”

Ah ! who can tell
What this may mean ? Our thoughts are shadows dim
Of that which shall be ! Love will bring the real,
The shadows all will flee away. Amen,
So let it be ! Love, craving now will then
Have nothing more to crave ; love satisfied
Makes perfect bliss, or in the Heaven of Heavens,
Or in the City fair the fathers longed
To see, or anywhere where Jesus is !
Lord Jesus, even here the hope is like
A little Heaven wherein I rest and sing
Most like a child who feels nor care, nor fear,
Because he basks in love and knows nought else !

THE DYING YEAR.

THE wan Old Year is dying,
And dead he will be soon,
By the light of the pale stars shining
And a faint and clouded moon,

THE DYING YEAR.

With none to soothe and tend him,
Poor Old Year, sad and lone,
No friend to watch beside him
And catch his dying moan.

Or do the sister planets
Who sing along their way
Hold festival or mourning
As earth is sad or gay?

To-night do angels, winging
Their way among the spheres,
Hear mid the sounds of music
Some echo as of tears?

When our beloved are passing
Along the silent way,
We catch their faintest whisper,
We hold them while we may;

But the Old Year dies untended,
Unwept, unwatched, alone!
Invisible, we lose him,
Scarce know when he is gone.

No pause for silent weeping,
No time to sing a dirge,
For the bold New Year is coming
His thousand claims to urge.

We are ready to receive him
Like courtiers in their place,
Forgetful of their sovereign,
Whose death-pale, covered face,

Can smile on them no longer,
Can bless them with no gain,—
So hurrah for the New-Comer !
The dead can feel no pain.

The Old Year brought us blessings,
But time and we press on,
And we scarce can take the leisure
To think of what is gone.

Yet a moment of the New Year
We consecrate to praise,
And we bless the God who led us
Thro' all the Old Year's days.

Let the years still hurry onward !
They cannot go too fast,
For they bear us fleetly forward
And will bring us home at last.

Home, home, each year is nearer,
Where our beloved and we
Shall share with Christ the ages
Of a glad Eternity.

"KISS ME ! HALLELUJAH!"

"Kiss me," soft and sweet she said,
Just before she died ;
"Hallelujah" followed clear,
My wife was Heaven's bride !

"Kiss me ! I have loved you, dear,
And will love you ever ;
Kiss me ! you have loved me true,
You'll forget me never.

"Hallelujah ! Hope is crowned,
Home is now in view,
But the Home's completeness waits
Till I welcome you.

"Kiss me ! At the gate of heaven
Love is now full-grown.
Hallelujah ! Thus in dying
Jesu's grace I own !

"Kiss me !—Thus I seal you mine,
Choose you mine for ever.
Hallelujah ! He will save,
His grace faileth never!"

Thus my loved one spake to me
As she rose to go,
In such pain the dying even
Scarcely ever know.

“Kiss me! Hallelujah!”
Sweet sounds singing ever,
In my parched and thirsty heart,
Like a heavenly river!
Thus she went right glad to God,
With my kiss upon her;
Faint, I follow her afar
To the heaven that won her.

HOLDING FAST.

DARK is the way and dreary;
Steep the ascent;
Wayworn am I and weary,
Strength nearly spent:
Saviour! my spirit pineth,
Thy face to see;
Where God's pure justice shineth
Kindly on me!
Far off the country seemeth
Where Thou dost reign!
Sometimes my spirit deemeth
All struggle vain.
What time my doubts prevailing
Thy light eclipse,
Trembling and muffled wailing
Bursts from my lips.

Still, Lord, the longing groweth
Thyself to see !
Ofttimes my spirit knoweth
Faith's ecstacy ;

Glimpses I get of heaven
My soul to cheer ;
Backward my foes are driven,
And Thou art near !

Then do I hope the angel
Ere long will come
Bearing the glad evangel
That calls me home.

For my weak soul reclineth
On Thy free grace ;
Trusting the Word that shineth
In a dark place.

Lord ! when the night-wind bloweth
Sharply and shrill,
When the dread Jordan floweth,
Cheerless and chill—

Thou wilt not fail to hold me
By Thy right hand,
Till Thine own arms enfold me
In the good Land !

THE NIGHT SHINETH AS THE DAY.

O CHRIST, how full of glory and delight
Thy presence makes the long dark hours of night !
I wake to watch beside this couch of pain ;
But loss of rest is oftentimes wondrous gain.
Thou standest near the weary sick child's bed,
And, though I hear them not, sweet words are said—
Words such as those Thy suffering childhood learned
When o'er her Saviour-Babe Thy mother yearned.
And sometimes, when the pitying tears will flow,
My heart is greatly comforted to know
It is Thy hand that quickly dries the tear,
Thy tender love that soothes my anxious fear.
Thy sympathy so manifold, my God,
Meets every sufferer on life's pilgrim-road.
Oh ! I would rather sorrow than rejoice
If only sorrow's ear may know Thy voice.
Thy touch, dear Lord, to-night is visible ;
And by this quiet breathing I can tell
Thy blessed hand is on the fevered brow ;
And I can thank Thee for the healing now.
My God, I have desired Thee in the night,
All through the darkness Thou hast been my light.
O brighter far than sunbeams are Thy smiles,
And weariest hours Thy fellowship beguiles.
'Tis sweet to watch when thou art watching too,
And I have nothing else all night to do

But wait amid the many willing wings
That hover round in holy ministerings.
I joyed to see the hour when darkness fell,
For then Thy blessed steps were audible,
The day was spent ! my Kingly Guest had come,
And would abide all night within my home.
Great Watchman of the House of Israel,
Thou knowest well, what words can never tell,
How my heart rests through restless nights, and sings
Glad songs of praise beneath Thy sheltering wings !
The morning breaketh—slowly dawns the light—
Ah ! Lord, dear Lord, Thou tarriest but a night—
A night to be remembered evermore—
Oh ! bless me once again beside my door !
Now, though Thou leavest me I do not weep,
My heart is full of joy—O I shall sleep
Right calmly when the night of Death comes on ;
For Thou wilt come to waken me at dawn !
No partings then, no sorrow, pain nor death,
No parchèd lips, dim eyes, and failing breath,
No morning spread upon the mountains gray
Where life and daylight never die away.
O happy home ! Desire of many hearts,
Because the King from midst of thee departs
Not, day nor night ; and loved ones from Time's shore
Are gathering fast, and shall go out no more !

NEARER TO THEE.

By Christ, the Living Way,
I come to Thee,
May His most precious blood
My shelter be !
Nearer than angels far
Thy blood-bought children are,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee !

In Him, Thy risen One,
At peace with Thee,
I cannot choose but sing
Songs glad and free !
Nearer than angels far, &c.

I know that Christ, my Lord,
Dear is to Thee,
In Him that love of Thine
Comes down to me !
Nearer than angels far, &c.

Here would I always hide
Close to Thy heart,
O let no earthly charm
Bid me depart !
Nearer than angels far, &c.

O may Thy glory shine
Sweetly through me,
Drawing poor weary souls
To rest in Thee !
Nearer than angels far, &c.

Tho' thro' a glass Thy face
Darkly I see,
Thy sweet and loving smile
Makes day for me !
Nearer than angels far, &c.

And when amid the clouds
Thou com'st for me,
O how my heart will bound
Nearer to Thee !
Nearer than angels then
Never can tongue or pen
Tell me how near I'll be,
Jesus ! to Thee !

Or if Thou tarry still,
And I must die,
In Thine almighty arms
Happy I'll lie !
Nearer than angels then,
Nearer than living men,
Thou in the Vale wilt be
Nearer to me !

PALM SUNDAY.

HE comes ! He comes ! the Promised One !
And thousands throng
To welcome David's royal Son
With palm and song.

Jerusalem fling wide thy gates,
Go forth and see
The King who, in His triumph, waits
And weeps o'er thee !

The prophets told, in ancient days,
He would appear ;
Then joyful raise your loudest lays ;
The Christ is here !

Fling wide the doorway of His home,
And shout and sing !
Roll back the gates and let Him come,
Your promised King !

* * * *

Five suns shall rise, and rising, greet
Their Maker's face
Uncrowned ; five times those suns shall set,
Their light shall pass,

And leave that crownless head low bowed,
Weary and worn,
But waiting like a patient God
His crown of thorn.

* * * *

Jerusalem rolls back her gates
And shouts to see,
Outside her walls, the Cross that waits,
Christ's agony !

He moves along His deathward way
With patient grace,
And looks as if He could not stay
From yonder place.

Yet once He turns, for well He hears,
Through all the loud
And cruel shouts, some women's tears
Among the crowd,

And pauses, on His awful road,
To still their woe,
Then lifts again His own dread load
None else can know.

And calm, as warrior wearing wreath
Of victory,
He goes, unmoved, to meet with death
On Calvary.

* * * *

The gates are lifted up on high,
The angels sing,
Jerusalem above the sky
Welcomes her King !

The bitterness of death is past ;
The mighty Lord
Is come to wear His crown at last,
Loved and adored !

Our best, our all, to Him be given,
For well He hears,
Thro' all the loud acclaims of Heaven,
His people's tears.

He bendeth low His shining brow
And earthward leans,
For well He knows, tho' crownèd now,
What sorrow means.

O let the heavens lift up their voice
And spread His fame!
And let the earth He loves rejoice
And bless His Name !

**"WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID, I WILL
TRUST IN THEE."**

PSALM LVI. 3.

I HAVE seen the pale sky blushing
At the coming of the sun,
And the rosy splendour fading
When the summer day was done.
I have watched the thousand changes
That pass o'er nature's face,
In the icy grasp of winter,
And June's glowing, fond, embrace ;
When the verdant valleys shouted
The ecstatic songs of spring,
And the sunlight on the river
Leapt like a living thing ;
When the golden corn was waving
In the cloudless hour of noon ;
When the quiet lake was dreaming
Beneath the harvest moon ;
I have listened to the music
Of the mystic voice of night
Till I hushed my very breathing
In a deep untold delight ;—
But my heart has thrilled and trembled,
And turned from sight and song,
Its pulses wildly beating
With a terror fierce and strong ;

For dark and dread misgivings,
 Like a crowd of ghostly things,
Swept o'er my quailing spirit
 With their unseen, awesome wings ;
And I felt how frail and friendless,
 How utterly alone,
I was standing 'mid creation,
 And my judgment hurrying on :
The arrows of God's justice
 Might fall upon me there,
And Earth would weave a garland
 To crown my dark despair ;
Her smile would shine on brightly
 Amid my spirit gloom ;
Her joyous tones would triumph
 Over my silent tomb.
Then the beauty that had cheered me
 Seemed cold and dismal—dead !
The earth beneath was iron,
 And brass the sky o'erhead !
O passionless, cold beauty,
 I will look away from thee ;
I will lift mine eyes imploring
 Beyond the earth and sea ;
I will look right up to Heaven,
 To God's eternal throne ;
Yea, to Father, Son, and Spirit,
 The saving Three-in-One.

Earth's fleeting, fading glory
Gets love and life from Him
Whose quenchless ardour kindles
The fire of seraphim.
I need no other portion
Now I may call Him mine
Whose far reflected glory
Maketh the sunbeams shine.
I may wander free and fearless
Through all my exile land,
For the whole earth lieth calmly
In the shadow of His hand.
No vague mysterious terror
Shall pierce my heart of hearts,
For the shield of His salvation
Quencheth the fiery darts.
I will hasten, swift and joyous,
Along my pilgrim-road,
Filled with the peace of knowing
Still more and more of God—
More of His Spirit's goodness
That bears so long with me,
Teaching my dim eyes daily
His faithful love to see,
Making my faint heart hopeful,
Though my sins are very great,
For from the love of Jesus
No depths can separate.

LOST AND FOUND.

'MID the gladness of my childhood

Oft I heard a voice of love,

Falling with a winning beauty

From the Wonderland above.

I would listen to it often—

But as often failed to hear,

Till again its tones were welcome

In some hour of pain or fear.

But I never loved it truly,

Never welcomed it within,

Else my spirit had not hearkened

To the siren voice of sin ;

I refused to heed its warnings,

Wandered far away in pride,

Thought this earth sufficient treasure,

And its sounds sufficient guide.

Now I seemed more free to wander

Wheresoe'er my heart might list,

When that voice of tender pleading

Was not heard and was not missed.

Till a storm swept o'er my heaven—

Earthly voices quailed in fear

'Mid the thunder loudly crashing,

And the lightning flashing near ;

LOST AND FOUND.

Yea, so near, it almost scathed me,
Playing fiercely round my head,
While the thunder seemed the echo
Of the sin-avenger's tread.

In my utter desolation
There I lay down wearily,
While above me howled the tempest,
And the wind moaned drearily.

Wistfully I gazed around me,
But no helper came to me ;
All alone I wept in weakness
In a lonely agony.

Though I knew of some who loved me,
They could never reach me there ;
Human friends may help us often,
But they cannot touch despair !

And I feared to turn to Heaven,
Mercy's gate seemed strongly barred,
And my soul grew faint with anguish,
And my heart grew cold and hard.

Hark ! a voice came through the darkness—
Could it be a voice to me ?
Piercing through the howling tempest
Sweetly yet so powerfully :

“ Weary sinner, lo ! I seek thee,
I have battled through the night,
I have wandered far to find thee
In my love’s resistless might ;

Yea, my heart o’er thee is yearning,
And thy death I cannot see ;
Let me hear thy voice responding—
Sinner, wilt thou come to me ? ”

“ Lord, I am so vile and helpless,
Here I lie and cannot move ;
Other help than Thine is worthless,
I would fain believe Thy love.”

Then the Voice said, “ I have emptied
Death and dark desertion’s cup.”
Faint I answered, “ Dearest Saviour,
Come Thyself and take me up.”

There He stripped me of my raiment,
Torn and tattered in the storm ;
Clothed me in His spotless garment,
Soft and beautiful and warm ;

Laid me gently in His bosom :
“ Weary one, oh ! do not weep ;
Lean thy head upon my shoulder,
I will guard thee in thy sleep.”

So I slept, my heart still waking,
 Saw the way that He had come,
 How He left His Father's glory
 In His own eternal home.

When I woke He vanished from me,
 But I heard His voice before:
 "I betroth thee now in kindness,
 And will never leave thee more ;

"I've prepared a home in heaven,
 I will lead thee through the gate ;
 But My love has strength to tarry,
 And thy love must learn to wait.

"I will never, never leave thee—
 Having loved I love for aye ;
 Night is gone ! Behold the dawning
 Of My never-ending Day !"

LO-DEBAR.

(A PLACE WITHOUT PASTURE.)

2 SAMUEL ix. 5.

THE crownèd king in his palace sat,
 For the Lord had given him rest,
 And he thought of the friend he had loved so well,
 And recalled his one request.

He summoned his mighty men to his side,
And asked if, at home or abroad,
There was one of the house of Saul to whom
He might show the kindness of God.

Then Ziba answered, though half in fear,
“There hideth alone, afar,
One poor lame son of Jonathan
In pastureless Lo-debar.”

A herald went forth in urgent haste,
With orders at once to bring
Mephibosheth straight to the throne of state
Of Israel’s gracious king.

He fell on his face, and would scarce look up,
Though he called him by his name ;
The grace was too great to be received
By one who had nought to claim.

And his poor lame feet were unfit to stand
In the presence of the king,
But while he listened, his groundless fears
Like evil birds took wing.

For David had said his place should be
No longer in hiding, afar,
But a prince’s palace in Jerusalem
Instead of poor Lo-debar.

* * * *



O perishing souls, I come to-day
A sweet message of grace to bring,
A herald, sent forth to Lo-debar,
From Heaven's own gracious King.

Come now to the palace and enter in,
Though most unworthy ye be ;
For the sake of Another He chooses you,
And He yearns your face to see.

O why will ye hide in a parchèd land,
In your far-off Lo-debar ?
For His palace-gate stands wide to-day,
And no foe your way can bar.

And freely now He gives you the place
Prepared for you long ago ;
Ye have nought to do but accept the gift,
And love Him the more ye know.

"Twere indeed too good to be believed
If we had not the word of a King ;
Though marvel we might if the kindness of God
Were aught but a God-like thing.

Farewell for ever to Lo-debar,
The pastureless hiding-place !
And welcome our own Jerusalem,
The gift of our Father's grace !

"A STRANGER WITH THEE."

PSALM xxxix. 12.

HOMELESS, yet unrepining,
O Lord, look on me,
Help me to be a pilgrim
And stranger *with Thee.*

Then swift as bird of passage
I'll haste to be gone ;
Why should I care to linger
Where home I have none ?

Once in my desert-journey
With a glad surprise,
Home—like a glory-vision—
Rose before my eyes.

When in those pleasant places
The lines fell to me,
Gladly my full heart murmured,
“This comes, Lord, from Thee.”

But, as the eagle stirreth
Her own eaglets' nest,
In her true love destroying
The place of their rest,

Bears them upon her pinions,
Nor joys till, on high,
Loving the sun's near splendour,
They rest in the sky :—

So Thy dear hand has scattered
The wrecks of my nest ;
O let Thine arms enfold me
And so shall I rest !

In Thee, my Sun, my Saviour,
I long to abide,
Nearer the heart once wounded
Mine seeketh to hide.

Then Thine own face beholding
Beam kindly on me ;
Home-rest and light of glory
I'll find, Lord, in Thee.



SHE IS NOT DEAD.

“BURY my dead out of my sight !”
But my loved one lives to-day ;
This is the garment God wove for her
Out of the perishing clay.

Lay it aside in the quiet spot
She chose for its resting-place,
Where the shade lies cool at noon of day,
And the lily hides her grace ;
Where the river hushes its querulous voice
As if it thought of the dead,
And the wind creeps in among the flowers
With a wakeful watcher's tread.
For this garment fair I loved so well,
And fain would have held for aye,
When the Master called, she smiling rose
And cast it at once away.
It cumbered her so that she could not run
As swift as her heart desired,
It weighed her down and she could not rise
As high as her soul aspired.
She is glad with exceeding joy to-day,
For she dwells with the risen Lord ;
But the robe she left, let us lay it down
Beneath the flowery sward.
For the King's own fragrant garments lay
In the garden sepulchre,
While heaven and earth kept watch lest aught
The quiet rest should stir :
Yea, even the Redeemer's riven veil
Was laid beneath the sod—
It is enough that the servant be
Thus like her Lord and God.

I said she died—but she lives, she lives,
Am not I more dead than she?
For my heart is full of doubt and pain,
Hers glowing with ecstacy.
And my dim weak eyes can only bear
Through a darkened glass to gaze,
On the veiled glory she loves to behold
In its full unclouded blaze ;
I praise the King with a faltering voice,
She sings to her harp of gold,
The beauty whose sweetness even in heaven
Will never be fully told.
I should fear before the face of one
Of God's ministers of flame ;
But hosts of archangels trouble her not,
And she knows them each by name.
She never will sin, nor weep, nor fear,
She cannot be dead, oh, no !
She sits and sings near the throne of God,
Where the living waters flow.
God grant in His own good time to me,
The life my lost one lives,
And grace meanwhile to glorify Him
Who grace and glory gives.

WHENCE?

I LOVE to think these burning hopes
Which in my spirit rise,
These longings, wayward tho' they be,
Were born in Paradise.

I often think our mother Eve
In Eden felt the same,
Tho' then the yearnings of the heart
Were answered as they came.

But now unanswered questions thrill
Our inmost souls with pain,
We turn to Nature, but our cry
Is echoed back again.

We ask our heart if it can solve
The mystery of life,
Its anxious throbings but repeat
The story of its strife.

One thing it tells, that long ago
There was no deadly fight—
Man unimpeded held his course,
And Godward was his flight.

Then we remember as a dream
Our spirit's infancy,
And pant to know again the bliss
Of freedom's ecstasy.

Our hearts are hungry and athirst
For friendship true and tried—
'Tis the old Eden hope for God
Who came at eventide.

And do we madly worship now
The Beautiful, the Fair ?
Turn we our gaze to those old days,
The Beautiful is there !

Man saw his Maker and adored ;
Let us adore the same !
Our Maker our Redeemer is,
Thrice lovely is His Name.

The greatest mystery we have found,
Our hearts are satisfied,
Immanuel makes us one with Him,
For one with us He died.



ON THE SHORE.

On the lone shore beside the sea
Grief presses on me heavily ;
The waves rush up to kiss the shore,
But fainting, fall back evermore ;

They rise again, and seem to haste
And long, like me, to be at rest ;
But all in vain their eager strain,
Their hurrying tread, their toil and pain !

O moaning sea ! It pauseth never,
The great world-heart that beateth ever !
It leapeth, panting, to the moon,
But failing, falls back all too soon ;

It reacheth out to clasp the land
But cannot hold the shifting sand.
O weary sea, that cannot rest,
Something of thee is in my breast !

O white-wing'd vessels sailing forth
To east and west, to south and north,
Ye cleave her waves, all pitiless,
Forgetful of her lone distress !

O moon, whose beams go playing free
And dancing on the shadowy sea,
Thou carest nought, but ridest high
And smiling, spite her agony !

O wild winds chafing her in pride,
Ye gain the rest to her denied !
When tired of battling on the deep
Ye sob and sigh yourselves to sleep.

O troubled sea, we seem to be
 Parts of each other, I of thee
 And thou of me ! O'er all our moods
 Of storm or calm, pale sorrow broods.
 On thy lone shore I stand to-night,
 And far and wide there is no light,
 Only a breeze that moveth free
 And softly sighs from thee to me.
 I cannot soothe thee in thy moan,
 But near thee I seem less alone,
 As if from thee some sympathy
 Came forth to bless me silently.
 Fain would I live upon thy shore
 And learn thy secrets more and more ;
 For my heart, I think, interprets well
 Much of the wisdom thou canst tell.
 Alas ! I hasten far away
 To haunts of men ere break of day ;
 But ever in my heart will be
 Thy sounding voice, O sorrowing sea !

GERSHOM: A STRANGER THERE.

HEAVEN is my native place,
 Home grand and fair,
 Yet I confess myself
 A stranger there ;

There is my palace-home,
There is my throne,
Pearl-gates and streets of gold
I call my own.

O how unspeakable,
Passing all thought,
Is my inheritance !
Mine, but blood-bought !

Angels and cherubim
Lowly shall wait,
Standing aside, while Christ
Crowns me in state !

Bride of His waiting heart,
Called by His name,
Tho' now a stranger there
My Heaven I claim.

And Jesus knows the place
Which knows me not,
He chose long, long ago
My heavenly lot ;

And tho' I must awhile
A stranger be,
He, my Redeeming One,
Keeps it for me.

All mine ! and waiting me,
Crown and New Song—
How can I choose but sigh
And say, How long ?

All mine ! the harp and palm,
Glory and light—
How can I care to stay
Here, in the night ?

All mine ! the spotless robe,
The ring and the shoes,
Yea ! and the Father's kiss !
While the glad news

Spreads thro' the joyous place,
Making Heaven glad !
Ah ! can I choose but be
Home-sick and sad ? .

Earth's children know me not,
This is not home !
Only a stranger here,
Restless I roam.

Heaven is my own dear home :—
Streams seek the sea,
Magnets the Pole—and I,
Jesus, seek Thee !

Weary, like Noah's dove,
Seeking for rest,
I find none anywhere,
Save on Thy breast.

O for the joyous time
When I shall be
Stranger in Heaven no more,
But there, with Thee !

LIGHT OF LIGHT.

My heart is like the daisy
That turneth to the sky,
And catcheth all the sunbeams
In its open, smiling eye.

The light the floweret drinketh
Is travelling night and day,
From the wondrous God-fed fountains
Of the sun-world far away.

Before the daisy sprouted
Up from the dull, cold sod,
The sun that warms and cheers it
Was dowered with light by God.

Before my birth, long ages,
The Light in weakness came,
And from the manger lightened
The skies of Bethlehem !

But when, eclipsed on Calvary,
The light in Death seemed dead,
Forth gleamed a sevenfold glory,
And Night for ever fled !

My soul basks in the sunlight
That streameth from the cross,
I count all other glories
But emptiness and loss !

And I long to have the sunbeams
Without a cloud between—
The face of Christ my Saviour
In open vision seen !

The light my spirit craveth,
And daily yearns to see,
Is the smile of my Redeemer,
The Light of light is He !

I long to see the brightness
Of the Son of Man's return,
For this, my heart while beating,
Can never cease to yearn.

In business, tho' not slothful,
My heart still stands aside
And looketh for the Bridegroom,
As best becomes the bride.

If earthly power and riches
Be poured into my hand,
'Tis better far with Jesus
In the sunny, sinless land.

If poverty and trouble
Be multiplied to me,
The Blessed Hope is certain,
These eyes the King shall see !

If Death should come, or Rapture,
The Ruler still is Christ,
And the grave or clouds of heaven
Will be welcome as His tryst !

Behold the Bridegroom cometh,
And none can tell how soon,
Perhaps before to-morrow,
Perhaps to-day at noon !

JESUS ONLY.

THEY bid me name some other name,
And speak of other themes ;
But Jesus and His Cross I'll sing,
Tho' others dream their dreams.

All beauty circles round my Lord,
He is its dwelling-place ;
The only light of this dark world
Comes beaming from His face.

All knowledge centres in the cross,
Its quickening there receives ;
And baffled Reason wearied turns
Nor rests till she believes.

All music sighs in hopeless plaint,
Save as its echoes bear
The triumph of His dying voice,
Who came our woes to share.

“ ‘Tis finished !” All sublimest thoughts
Of honour and of weal,
Of God’s own glory shown by Him
Who came to save and heal,

All thoughts of peace, of love unquenched,
All quietude of heart,
Like gushing streams, o’erflowing floods,
From this high fountain start.

The shadows of the mighty rocks
When summer sunshine glows
Speak to our heart of quiet shade
Where living water flows.

The ocean, tossing to and fro,
Speaks ceaselessly of Thee,
And tells of purity and peace,
On Thine unruffled sea.

The sighing branches in the wood,
When winds come whispering by,
Make echo to the far-off sound
Of Heaven's own minstrelsy.

And Earth's perpetual groanings, Lord,
Are wailings still for Thee,
Until her children all shall own
Her Lord's high royalty.

The radiance of the moving clouds,
Where sunny rays are met,
Holds promise of the glory-cloud
To rest on Olivet.

No sight or sound of light or love
But speaketh, Lord, of Thee,
The one desire, though now unknown,
Of all humanity.

The time is short—no time have I
To seek for other themes ;
Whichever way I turn my eyes
Thy cross 'mid darkness gleams.

Oh ! if my words reach one dark soul,
Conveying but one ray
Of that unwavering light that dwells
In Thine eternal day,

I'll praise Thee with my golden harp,
I'll bless Thy guiding hand
That led me, 'mid my fellow-men,
Close to the Cross to stand !









